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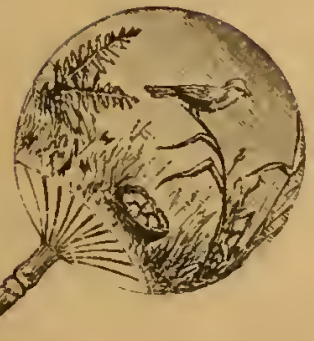
A Beautiful City

Set Down by the Sea.

By Mrs. A. Elmore.

A BEAUTIFUL CITY, SET DOWN BY THE SEA.



By Mrs. A. Elmore.

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Amzi Pierson & Co., 188 Market-st., Newark.

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TO THOSE WHO HAVE BY INFINITE PATIENCE

CREATED THIS LOVELY SUMMER-TIME CITY, WHERE ONCE THERE WAS BUT A BARREN

STRIP OF WHITE SAND,

THIS POEM IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHORESS.

Manhattan Beach Hotel, June, 1880.

A Beautiful City, Set Down by the Sea.

I.

The waves are laughing in summer-time glee,
Sunbeams are falling about her so free;
And pure is the breeze that seeketh this lea,
Where reigneth a city as fair as can be,
A beautiful city, set down by the sea.

II.

A city with fountains, flowers, and song,
And murmur of waters all the day long;
Where weary ones come, and ever grow strong,
Where gladness supreme pervadeth the throng;
A beautiful city, set down by the sea.

III.

From pinnacled roof, so graceful and fair,
Banners so many, are fanning the air;
And flag of the land all people may share,
Guardeth this city in summer-time fair;
This beautiful city, set down by the sea.

IV.

Gay pleasuring groups from every land
Are strolling about on the silv'ry sand,
And "Babel" of tongues is heard on the strand
Where reigneth this city in summer-time grand;
This beautiful city, set down by the sea.

V.

The home-coming sailor raiseth a cheer,
As the good ship draws her harbor anear.
Outgoing—he left but the winter-time drear;
Incoming—behold, a city is here—
A beautiful city, set down by the sea.

VI.

The mermaids that once basked here in the light,
And monsters that claimed the island so white,
Fled far to the main in ceaseless affright,
When the city came down in conqu'ring might;
The beautiful city, set down by the sea.

VII.

With ambient flame all gilt in the morn,
Where orient splendors at night-time adorn,
The shade of the woodlands thou laughest to scorn ;
For pleasure, and sunlight, alone—thou wert born,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

VIII.

No orient scene, fresh kissed by the sun,
Near foreign land bay where silver-rifts run,
No city by conqu'ring hero begun,
Rivals in beauty this magic-made one ;
This beautiful city, set down by the sea.

IX.

Not far, her hov'ring wings are outspread,
Not here is echo of bartering tread ;
Nor here cometh e'er the pestilence dread.
Dethroned is all care, and far from thee fled,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

X.

Afar 'neath the sky, blue-vaulted and clear,
The sailor's hearty "Yo-ho" seemeth near,
And throb of busier city we hear,
Like far distant chimes that echo anear
This beautiful city, set down by the sea.

XI.

When reigneth the moon in azure array,
And purple of twilight is fading away,
And lovers, enchanted, alingering stray,
Thou makest the scène e'en fairer than day,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

XII.

When Cupid is near with quiver and bow,
Nor misses a chance an arrow to throw,
And kindle a flame; forever—to grow
Or die—as thou dost, when falleth the snow,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

XIII.

The hem of the tide, with fringing of spray,
Is trailing the shore, in coquettish way,
And ever the sands will shift with the sway
And creeping of waves, that near to thee play,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

XIV.

Awe of the sea o'er the spirit holds sway,
Through ages so far the whisper doth stray,
"Hither thou comest, and here thou shalt stay"
The mandate—thy guardian even to-day,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

XV.

Hath it hurled some ship to fathomless grave?
And given to death the sailors so brave?
This swell of the sea, this incoming wave,
That proudly draws near, thy borders to lave,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

A view of a city, "set on an hill,"
Awaketh a song in happiest trill,
And the wand'rer knoweth a joyous thrill;
But thou, makest joy flow swift as a rill,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

XVII.

Ocean and spirit hold rhythmical rune;
From temple of music floats harmonic tune;
It seemeth a dream, these fair days of June,
That wane, like thy glory, ever too soon,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

XVIII.

When the day goes out through golden gilt bars,
And Venus appears, and flame-tinted Mars,
And the blue is gemmed with glimmer of stars,
Thou seemest at sea with silver-tipped spars,
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

XXI.

From groves of the South, and plains of the West,
O who will return for pleasure, and rest;
And who will have found still kindlier breast,
And who give greeting to incoming guest?
O beautiful city, set down by the sea.

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XIX.

When the winter-time storms beat on the shore,
And laugh of the waves is drowned in the roar,
And feet are turned homeward, their wand'rings o'er,
We'll mourn the city that bideth no more,
The beautiful city, set down by the sea.

But the Spring her time of coming will keep,
And the true fairy wand of June will sweep
Over the isle, and in answer will leap
The city in beauty, from winter-time sleep;
The beautiful city, set down by the sea.

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